HEALING—A POEM WRITTEN BY W. WILFRID CAMPBELL AND DECORATED BY FRANKLIN BROWNELL, AND ISSUED FOR THEIR FRIENDS WITH NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS, 1898

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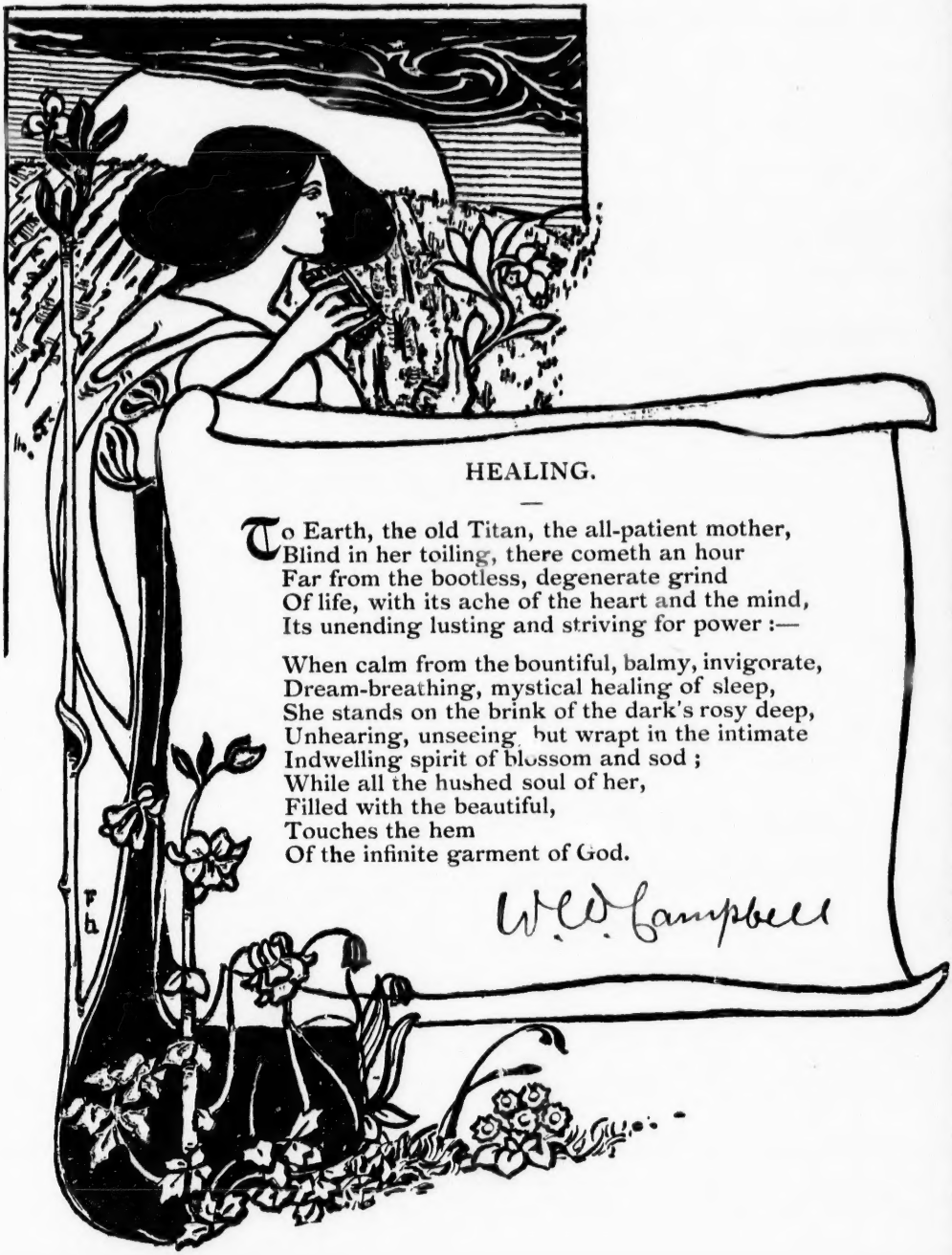

HEALING.

To Earth, the old Titan, the all-patient mother,
Blind in her toiling, there cometh an hour
Far from the bootless, degenerate grind
Of life, with its ache of the heart and the mind,
Its unending lusting and striving for power :—

When calm from the bountiful, balmy, invigorate,
Dream-breathing, mystical healing of sleep,
She stands on the brink of the dark's rosy deep,
Unhearing, unseeing, but wrapt in the intimate
Indwelling spirit of blossom and sod ;
While all the hushed soul of her,
Filled with the beautiful,
Touches the hem
Of the infinite garment of God.

W. D. Campbell

(Not to be printed)